

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 20

Note and Comment

In another part of this issue the final crop figures of the provincial Department of Agriculture for 1909 are published along with those for ten years previous. Alberta is still considerable distance behind Manitoba and Saskatchewan in the raising of grain, but it should not be forgotten that it is only as yesterday since the province began to realize its possibilities along this line. With the very large increase in acreage of the present season and the good start which the early spring has given the farmers, 1910 was expected to show an advance over other years which would be little less than startling. The long continuance of dry weather is the only thing that will interfere with this result. Already, according to the secretary of the Calgary Grain Exchange, fifty per cent. of the winter wheat south of that city has been destroyed because of lack of moisture. Many of the farmers in that part of the province are, as a result, for the second year in succession engaged in plowing up their winter wheat land and sowing to a spring crop. The effect of this on the 1909 figures for the former grain is apparent. But this failure was almost fully made up by the substitute, which turned out exceedingly well. We can only hope that 1910 will repeat the experience of 1909 in this respect. In the northern part of the province, where the farmers are just beginning to take up the growing of winter wheat, a very large increase in acreage will be shown over last year and the crop is looking exceedingly well. In the winter wheat tables on page three a line appears which purports to give the figures for 1898. This has been misplaced and should run under the heading of spring wheat. None of the winter crop was grown in the west in 1898.

The report from which these data are taken contains much that must interest anyone who is watching closely the development of Alberta. While the figures given show average yields, these are away below those which have actually been obtained by careful farming. The average per acre in spring wheat throughout the province was 18.97 bushels. But in the Vermilion district from 606 acres an average of 46.74 bushels was obtained. This is the highest recorded among the big yields of the province. St. Albert stood second with 43.58, though this was from but 9 3/4 acres; Olds stood third with 41.59 from 167 acres. Didsbury fourth, with 41.34 from 391 acres. Gleichen fifth with 38.63 from 679 acres and Cardston sixth with 37.33 from 465 acres.

In winter wheat Okotoks comes first with an average of 57.48 bushels from 95 acres, Pincher Creek second with 56.79 from 308 acres, Cochrane third with 55.22 from 166 acres, McLeod fifth with 54.60 from 40 acres and Strathcona sixth with 54 from eight acres.

In oats, Medicine Hat comes first with 82.36 from 134 acres, McLeod second with 72.93 from 58 acres, Gleichen third with 70.44 from 4821 acres, while it is a matter of no small satisfaction to find that the northerly district of Athabasca comes fourth with 70.08 from 113 acres.

In barley Olds heads the list with 60.32 bushels from 25 acres.

The district with the largest acreage of all crops and the largest production is Claresholm with 120,366 acres. High River comes second with 87,351 acres, Sedgewick third with 68,327, Didsbury fourth with 65,728 and Lethbridge fifth with 64,148.

A careful study of the tables indicates that while in the southern part of the province there has been much greater development in grain growing, the north, going in more for mixed farming, there is no section which does not show actual results which should inspire the greatest confidence in its possibilities as a grain producer.

While we are on the subject of growth which is going on in this part of the Dominion, it is worth while calling attention to certain forecasts which are being made as the probable representation of the west in the next Canadian parliament. At present Manitoba has ten members, Saskatchewan ten and Alberta and B. C. seven each. There was a special census for Alberta and Saskatchewan in 1906, by which they increased their representation from ten to seventeen. Manitoba and B. C. remain as they were after the census of 1901. The Nelson News figures

that the population of the four provinces after the census of April, 1911 will be approximately: Manitoba, 475,000; British Columbia, 325,000; Alberta, 300,000; and Saskatchewan, 400,000—a total of 1,500,000. On the basis of one member for each 25,000 population this would make Manitoba's parliamentary representation 19, with 16 for Saskatchewan, 13 for British Columbia and 12 for Alberta. This gives a total of 60, almost double the number that go to Ottawa now from west of the lakes.

But it looks as if the News is a trifle conservative in its estimate. Alberta, for instance, is counting on having 400,000 people a year hence. The figures of the bureau of statistics some months ago showed considerably over 300,000 and the provincial government is now carrying on a very energetic publicity campaign. So it would not be at all surprising if Alberta had sixteen representatives in the next House. The change which this influx from the west will make in political conditions at Ottawa is bound to be marked. Thirty or forty years hence the chances are the balance of power will rest with the newer part of the Dominion.

This may appear a daring prediction to some people. But when we look back over the changes that

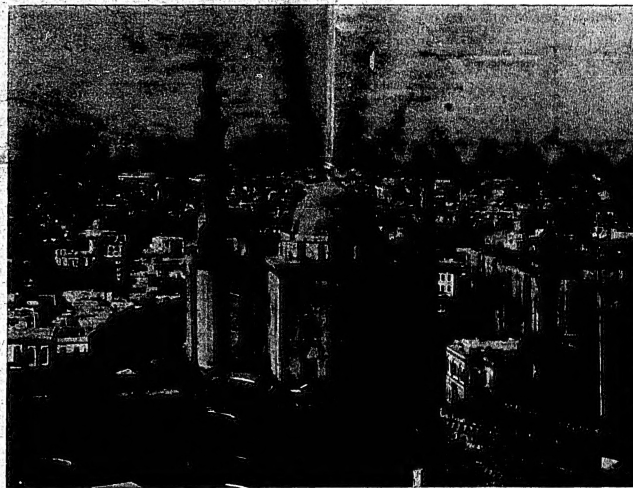
How fast the world is moving is brought home to us by the news of Louis Paulhan's winning of the London Daily Mail's £50,000 prize for a London-Manchester aeroplane flight. To secure the trophy it was necessary to cover this distance, 183 1/2 miles, within twenty-four hours, only two descents being allowed. Paulhan's feat indicates that aerial travel will soon be beyond the experimental stage. The rate at which he himself has made progress in his flying efforts is astonishing. An eastern paper gives a history of his achievements. At 18 a sailor on the Messageries Maritimes plying between France and Japan, then a tightrope performer in an itinerant circus, next a soldier in an aerostatic battalion in the French army and mechanic and pilot of the dirigible balloon Ville de Paris and graduating thence to be a designer and daring operator of aeroplanes in public exhibitions; working for a pittance of sixty francs a week only two years ago in the Voisin factory and by his skill, energy and sangfroid surpassing all rivals in human flight on two continents and winning the glittering prizes of the aeronautic world at the constant risk of his life in less than a twelvemonth. And it was sport as well as work for Paulhan; his bonhomie has been unflinching and he has made light of the peril and hardship. A

at 600 feet and glided down to the earth. Returning to France, Paulhan at Chalons on November 20th ascended 1,960 feet, but soon lost his altitude to Latham, who rose to 3,000 feet.

Then came Paulhan's triumphs at Los Angeles in January of this year, when he went up 4,165 feet flew to the Pacific and back, and handled his aeroplane with as sure a hand as a chauffeur guides an automobile. For his engagement in America the former mariner and tightrope walker received \$24,000 a month. Early spring found him warming up for the flight from London to Manchester. On April 18th he soared from Orleans to Arcis-sur-Aube, 125 miles, in three hours and a half. He had his eye on the Northcliffe check, and it was as good as in his pocket when the young Englishman Graham White failed on April 23rd. Quickly crossing the channel, the ever alert Paulhan unpacked and assembled his machine, and while the Englishman, bent on another effort, was sleeping, away flew Louis Paulhan, high up in the air and going at the speed of an express train.

The sixty odd members of parliament that Alberta will be entitled to twenty years hence will probably travel to Ottawa on passes over the Aerial Transcontinental.

Africa's Largest City



Above view of Cairo taken from the citadel built by Saladin in 1176 A.D. On the parapet below at the right are its obsolescent batteries. The circular park with its rows of trees is the Place Khedive, where pilgrims returning from Mecca march in procession. The prominent building before us is the superb Mosque of the Sultan Hassan, the finest example of Saracenic architecture in Cairo. It was built in 1356-1359, and the Sultan was so delighted with it that he cut off the right hand of the architect so that he might never design another to be its rival. The massive walls, 113 feet in height, are built of stone taken from the Pyramids. The minaret at the left is the tallest in Cairo, 270 feet high. The mosque just cuts into the white facade of the Savoy, one of several magnificent European hotels. Between the dome and that shorter minaret is the Abdin Palace,

where the present Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt lives. The large white domed building at the left of the tall minaret is the National Museum of Egypt. The Nile flows just behind it. Beyond the Museum you see the dark line of palms that fringe the farther shore of the river. The low gray line beyond the palms is the cliff forming the western wall of the Nile Valley, and beyond that lies the vast expanse of the Sahara.

have occurred in but ten years, is it not justified? In upwards of half a century, the world sees great developments. This is brought home by the very notable speech given by Sir Richard Cartwright at Ottawa the other day and reproduced in this issue in full. It falls to the lot of few men, on this continent particularly, to review what has transpired in the course of a continuous parliamentary experience of forty-seven years. The forecast made by Sir Richard of the possibilities of united action on the part of the English-speaking peoples in enforcing world-wide peace is a very attractive one. That public sentiment is each year becoming more thoroughly aroused to the hideousness and wastefulness of war and all that it involves is certain and there is no question that such an alliance as is suggested could be the means of enforcing arbitration in the settlement of international disputes and of resisting aggression on the part of the strong at the expense of the weak. Canada undoubtedly has a large part to play in bringing about that Anglo-Saxon unity of spirit, upon which the progress of humanity so much depends.

Frenchman, he has carried with him into the air the plan of a soldier, and to the greatest of his achievements he has given a dramatic turn. Aviator, actor, advertiser, great is Louis Paulhan.

The remarkable feats of this hero of the air have followed one upon the other with bewildering rapidity. Upon his first public appearance, at Douai on July 10th of last year, he rose high in the air and thrilled the crowd with his manoeuvres. Three days later he flew for fifteen minutes, and two days afterward for an hour and eighteen minutes. At Dunkirk on August 7th he made a flight of one hour and forty minutes. He was literally the "star performer" of the great Rheims meeting, flying high and circling in dangerous winds, turning and circling with the ease of a bird, and travelling 134 kilometers in two hours and forty-four minutes. At Ostend, Cologne and Juvisy in September and October he won applause by his daring flights and at Ostend a prize of \$5,000. Visiting England in October, he remained in the air for two hours and fifty minutes and flew ninety-six miles, reached a height of 1,000 feet, took up many passengers and on one occasion stopped his motor

The question asked in the House of Commons the other day by Mr. Bryce, the member for West Algonia, as to where the \$120,000, presented to Mr. Fielding, came from, was an eminently proper one. Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his reply referred to the high character of the Minister of Finance and the sacrifices which he had made of his private interests in devoting himself as he had done to public affairs. He also called attention to the fact that Sir John A. Macdonald had been the recipient of a similar gift. No one will question the premier's statement that the country is very much the debtor of Mr. Fielding on account of his long services and those who know will not believe that any subscription to such a testimonial would lead him to diverge from what he considered his path of duty. But the principle is a bad one, nevertheless. The leading subscribers to such a fund must be men who have interests which will be affected by certain decisions in regard to matters of tariff and finance which Mr. Fielding will have to make and it is not right that he should be

(Continued on page eight)

THE SAILOR'S SON ON THE PRAIRIE

 Father, there's something calling,
 Something that seems to say
 "The lakes lie still, and never a hill
 Moves through the living day.
 The grass that stoops in the valley
 Has no murmur or music of sound
 The Swift blown air on the hilltops bare
 Savours of earth and the ground.

 Father, there's something calling
 Something that's asking me,
 "Have you seen the swirl of the mad waves
 whirl
 When the wind is loose at sea?
 Have you seen the waters wanton,
 Or the waves run dimly gray
 And mountains high to a leaden sky,
 In the wallows of the Bay?

 Have you seen a mile deep ocean,
 Blue as the depthless sky,
 The tropic sheen of the headlands green,
 Where the Eastern Indies lie?
 Have you seen the flying fishes,
 Or the playful porpoise school,
 Have you ever trod with the trident God
 And known old Neptune's rule?

 Father, there's something calling
 Something that draws me so,
 The prairie land where the homesteads stand
 I love it; but I must go.
 The sun is wondrous behind the hills,
 The range is open and free,
 But held in check, on a restless deck,
 I must meet the sun at sea.

 Leonard Tripe, Vermilion, Alta.

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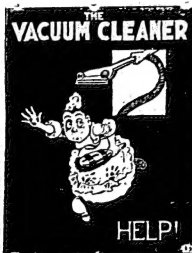
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Cities and Thrones and Powers
Stand in Time's eye,
Almost as long as flowers,
Which daily die;
But as new buds put forth,
To glad new men the seed of old,
Out of the spent and unconsidered
Earth,
The Cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,
She never hears,
What change, what chance, what chill,
Cut down last year's;
But with bold countenance,
And knowledge small,
Esteems her seven days' continuance
So Time that is o'erkind,
To all that be,
Ordainous even as blind.
That in our very death,
And burial sorrow,
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded,
saith,
"See how our works endure!"

Dudley Kipling.
Can anyone tell me why when Lord
Strathcona visited us a year or so
ago we all tumbled over ourselves to
shake him by the hand and make
much of him? Acknowledged that
the question is a selfish and material
one. What has he, or the great com-
pany of which he is the head, done
for us in Alberta, in Edmonton, or
even for the pretty little town on the
other side of the river which bears
his name?

A week or so ago I was crossing
the bridge, on the trolley, when I saw
a poor, dejected young fellow sitting
on the little landing on the Strathcona
side, which leans out over the water.
The boy looked done out, hot, weary,
—home-sick. As if his heart and soul
were craving a rest, place where he
could go quietly and think things over.
And all at once it occurred to me
that there wasn't such a place in
either of the Twin Cities, not one
secluded green spot where a soul
could take breath again before con-
tinuing the fight for bread and butter
and in a land where the space be-
tween the buildings is so small and
illimitable, where fortunes are being
made in an hour, where the people are
spoken of as free-handed, hospitable.
And then the shame of the thing
overcame me.

I looked along the river banks, and
in my mind's eye saw Edmonton the
queenly, as she should have stood out.
Green banks, carefully tended walks
and drives, undulating terraces, lead-
ing down to the river, a haven of rest
and beauty, a magnificent city smiling
a fresh and beautiful greeting to the
incoming travellers and new citizens
as they came down the long hill in
Strathcona and instead of this what
actually presented itself?

Backs of rickety and filthy ten-
ements, blatant sign boards, unkempt
grassy banks, a great ugly ware-
house where should have been a tiny
park commanding the most view in
the city, rank commercialism where
the Lord intended and the city coun-
cil ought to have seen to it, should
only have been greenness and beauty.
And then I thought of the mighty
company who had held us back for
speculating purposes all these years,
the company who have sat back in
their great-lounging chairs in the Old
Country, while we in this remote out-
post of empire, have been struggling,
every man in his own way, to build
among us a great city. Most of us
from selfish purposes, to be sure, but
still by the sweat of our brow, by
honest effort, and all for what end
but to enhance the value of the hold-
ings of this giant octopus, who is
seemingly never satisfied.

We read a fine address of welcome
to His Lordship when he was over
here, but for why? Can anyone point
to an inch of land the company ever
gave back to this city, as a play-
ground, as a park—for any purpose
whatsoever?

Walk up Jasper Avenue with your
heart beating quicker time as you note
one big building after another rear-
ing its head from among the little
wooden lean-tos; tell yourself that you
love this city of your adoption, that
you rejoice in its growth as you would
in the sturdiness of a child of your
own, and then come to a full stop
as you view in the heart of the main
street, block after block of open re-
serve. How long, oh, how long, are
we to be held back by the corpora-
tion? How long are we going to sub-
mit to improving our own properties
and so adding value to theirs?

How long are we going to blind our
eyes to the fact that the flotation of
big land companies by outside capi-
talists is the curse of the West today.
How long must settlers push out
to desolate, out-lying parts, while
there are thousands of acres lying idle
at our town and city gates? Privation,
loneliness, ignorance and misery,
they tell me pay to make these
rich men richer. Little children going
schoolless, women enduring pain and
untold hardships, because the little col-
onies are not quite big enough to sup-
port a school doctor.

All this spring I have rejoiced as I
have seen the ragged boulevards tak-
ing on a cared-for appearance; as I
noted the city beginning to send a
thought for the way of beauty and
not merely dollar and cent wars.
Perhaps some day we shall even have
a park, who knows? But I have a
wager on, we will not get it from the
great Strathcona or his company. Our
city will not go ahead as she should
until a little thing known as the in-
crement tax is introduced. Then—
well, then, you will see what you will
see.

The evidence brought forth before

the Royal Commission during the past
few weeks might well give a man
pensive who has political aspirations
and serve in addition to the ordinary
layman as an excellent lesson to mind
his own "p's and q's" and leave No-
body's business which, as all know, is
Everybody's curiosity, alone.

While the Commission sat in our
midst "some of the best of us" had
an opportunity of attending court and
seeing how they were dealing with
"the rest of us."

Once again I had occasion to echo
Stevenson's sentiments: "It is not they
who carry flags, but they who look
upon it from a private chamber, who
have the fun of the procession."

Is the political game worth the
scandal?
Obviously not. For I have learned
among other things since this en-
quiry opened that the average man's
shoe fairly tingles to administer a
gentle kick to the man on top, when
he gets the opportunity.

That investigations are popular at
tractions, and that while one may
have all the good-will in the world to
the man or party being investigated,
still the surgeon's instinct and
satisfaction in his work is strongly
developed in the majority of men.

"Want to see the inside" of the
other fellow, discarded, I think that
the man on the table may incidentally
come to breathe at the end of the
operation, or go out into life main-
ed (whether righteously or otherwise)

as a result of the exploratory inves-
tigation. When racks and thumb-
screws were discarded, I think that
modern conduct of cases in court
must have been substitute. And when
Nero ceased to exist, a great
deal of his spirit must have passed
into the hands of the lawyers, who
have guarded it tenderly ever since.

But indeed the man on the back
benches in court would seem to have
annexed their share of the attribute,
as you may believe me, things were
voted "very dry" when a man ap-
peared able to prove his innocence,
and "decidedly interesting" when facts
of a so-called incriminating nature
were brought out against him.

I can think of no better place in
all the world to judge of a man's
square box, and no two of them ap-
peared able to prove his innocence,
and "decidedly interesting" when facts
of a so-called incriminating nature
were brought out against him.

"Many men of many minds" follow-
ed each other as tenants of the little
square box, and no two of them ap-
peared able to prove his innocence,
and "decidedly interesting" when facts
of a so-called incriminating nature
were brought out against him.

The lawyers, too, had their own
peculiar characteristics, several types
doing little turns for the edification
and amusement of the court.

Chanticleer was there you may be-
lieve me (we are so up-to-date in Ed-
monton), Chanticleer with a great flap-
ping of wings; Chanticleer with a prom-
ise of big things to come. Chan-
ticleer bidding defiance to everyone
and making a tremendous loud noise—
even as his brother of the barnyard
—mostly about nothing. And this
particular Cock of the Walk in addi-
tion to imagining a great many other
things about himself was also of the
opinion that in his guise walked the
disembodied spirit of the great, and
one-and-only, Sherlock Holmes.

It was a treat to listen to his learned dis-
quisitions on "lined" and "unlined
paper." To follow him as he scented
a trail, wherein five minutes' one
way and another had gotten lost, and
couldn't be accounted for. To hear
him declaim a long array of senti-

ments which every sound-minded and
patriotic citizen shares, and which
no one can claim any peculiar credit
for holding any more than he could
for agreeing that two and two make
four.

"He says an undisputed thing in
such a solemn way" is the obituary
which might be written of Chanticleer,
and so sum up in two lines the most
noteworthy characteristic of his very
diversified character.

Beside him the other occupants of
the barnyard, or counsel's benches, are
but as modest quack-birds. While
they occupy the boards, quiet reigns,
but strangely enough a deal of busi-
ness is cleared up.

But I am wandering—re-venons a
"argument that there is more fun in
being a spectator than an actor in
this political drama. There is a little
saying, "Look out for your friends;
the neighbors will look in for them-
selves," and what the neighbors or
investigators have missed in the pre-
sent case isn't worth writing home
about.

Private business affairs served up for
the first course, followed by private
affairs, and in one particular case he
made up his mind—the interests of
the Liberal candidate—to expose the
infamy. A certain man (name and
address given) was said to have been
terrorized into voting against his con-
victions by a certain employer (name
and address also given). The house
of the voter was visited. The man
was out, but his wife was there, and
confirmed the charge. Pressed to dis-
close the facts in the interests of
electioneering honesty, she pleaded that
she did not want to get herself, or her
husband, or any one into trouble. But
her many mysterious allusions intensi-
fied the belief that the man had been
grossly bullied by one who had it in
his power to deprive him of his liveli-
hood. Urged still further to say
exactly what had occurred, the woman
at last replied: "Well, Mr. A. he said
to my husband, he said, 'You bain't
going to be such a damned fool as to
vote for the Liberals, he you?'"

Next ensued a "new fact" highly
credible to the voter, but hardly cre-
ditable in a prosecution for intimidation.
"And then my husband did tell him
to go to it, and that he wouldn't
be spoke to like that by nobody." And
we suspect that nearly every in-
quiry would end in such smoke as
that. The evidence we have heard be-
fore the Royal Commission reminds me
of the White Rabbit's evidence in the
trial of the Knave of Hearts:

"They told me you had been to her
and mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim."

He then sent word I had not gone,
(We know it to be true);
If it should pass the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were."

"That," said the Judge, when the
White Rabbit had finished, "is the
most important evidence we have yet
heard." We can truthfully say the
same of the evidence provided by
the insurgents counsel up to date.

But one lesson stands out in un-
mistakable letters, beware of politics,
telegrams and letters, be satisfied to
be a common, everyday private citi-
zen, and let political net will catch you
unawares. If you don't watch out, better
to write home to Mary Jones with
the assurance that your letter will go
uncensored, than write a Morgan
and have to take the world into your
confidence.

I remember hearing some years ago
of a man who was much impressed
by charges of intimidation at a partic-
ular election. Having less experience
than he later became possessed of,
he was inclined to believe them all
true, and in one particular case he
made up his mind—the interests of
the Liberal candidate—to expose the
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be a common, everyday private citi-
zen, and let political net will catch you
unawares. If you don't watch out, better
to write home to Mary Jones with
the assurance that your letter will go
uncensored, than write a Morgan
and have to take the world into your
confidence.

I remember hearing some years ago
of a man who was much impressed
by charges of intimidation at a partic-
ular election. Having less experience
than he later became possessed of,
he was inclined to believe them all
true, and in one particular case he
made up his mind—the interests of
the Liberal candidate—to expose the
infamy. A certain man (name and
address given) was said to have been
terrorized into voting against his con-
victions by a certain employer (name
and address also given). The house
of the voter was visited. The man
was out, but his wife was there, and
confirmed the charge. Pressed to dis-
close the facts in the interests of
electioneering honesty, she pleaded that
she did not want to get herself, or her
husband, or any one into trouble. But
her many mysterious allusions intensi-
fied the belief that the man had been
grossly bullied by one who had it in
his power to deprive him of his liveli-
hood. Urged still further to say
exactly what had occurred, the woman
at last replied: "Well, Mr. A. he said
to my husband, he said, 'You bain't
going to be such a damned fool as to
vote for the Liberals, he you?'"

Next ensued a "new fact" highly
credible to the voter, but hardly cre-
ditable in a prosecution for intimidation.
"And then my husband did tell him
to go to it, and that he wouldn't
be spoke to like that by nobody." And
we suspect that nearly every in-
quiry would end in such smoke as
that. The evidence we have heard be-
fore the Royal Commission reminds me
of the White Rabbit's evidence in the
trial of the Knave of Hearts:

"They told me you had been to her
and mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim."

He then sent word I had not gone,
(We know it to be true);
If it should pass the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were."

"That," said the Judge, when the
White Rabbit had finished, "is the
most important evidence we have yet
heard." We can truthfully say the
same of the evidence provided by
the insurgents counsel up to date.

But one lesson stands out in un-
mistakable letters, beware of politics,
telegrams and letters, be satisfied to
be a common, everyday private citi-
zen, and let political net will catch you
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See our window for
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Hair Goods etc.

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AN ALBERTA WEEKLY REVIEW

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1910.

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THE LOUNGER

The other day at the baseball grounds the crowd that turned out to see Deacon White's pet sport themselves on the green at practice, saw something they will remember long after the fact that Deacon won the pennant in 1910 has been forgotten. The most striking evidence of Edmonton's prosperity this spring has been the number of new automobiles that have made their appearance on the street to add to Chief Lancy's and the humble pedestrian's trouble. One of these machines is the property of a well-known hotel man. Evidently he didn't take quite as long enough term at the automobile school. He managed to get down to the baseball grounds where he, it is supposed, counted on making a deep impression on the fans. But when he jumped into the auto with the idea of starting for home, something went wrong. He insisted on going one way when he wanted it to go another. He grew excited as it swerved across the grounds and with a wild look in his eyes and the steering wheel in a firm grasp he shouted "Whoa! Whoa!" But it wouldn't obey and soon had its mad career terminated by a nearby fence. Now, if you wish to lose a friend, just shout "Whoa! Whoa!" after him.

The genial host's experience recalls a story that used to be told at the military camp in London, Ontario. A sailor from Owen Sound came down with the regiment from that town when the military band was practicing. He was a little out of his mind and he was not slow to take advantage of the fact. One day coming back from the rifle butts marching in open order, his company had to cross a narrow bridge over a small stream. The lieutenant was evidently as糊涂 as to what command to give. None came and the men on the outside marched down the bank towards the stream with never a smile on their faces. "There's not to make reply, their's but to do and die." Some of them were up to their knees in the water when the sailor, who wasn't a soldier, too, shouted frantically, "starboard, you—starboard!"

A friend of mine who has a brand new liver at his house writes me that there is nothing like being a family man as a help to the study of astronomy. While others are snoring in ignorance of the wonders of the heavens, he is up preparing baby's food and studying Halley's comet while the water runs.

I haven't heard of any others getting up to see the comet, but judging from these verses, which I clip from a down-east paper, there are some places where the people have more enquiring minds.

"The milkman's lot is not a happy one."
The vendor of our lactical fluid sighs.

"I make my rounds in awful solitude
And have no one to walk at my side.
But recently conditions have been changed.

No more in fear of spoons the milk-
men cower—
The comet keeps our citizens awake,
And ours is now the fashionable hour!"

A certain prominent English jurist was transferred from the chancery court to the admiralty court rather unexpectedly. While conversant with English law to a surprising degree, this gentleman had spent little time in marine law and was rather dubious as to his ability to cope with the duties of his new office.

His fellow judges, in recognition of the occasion, gave him a dinner, after which he was called upon for an address. He made a long and serious speech, which embraced almost everything, from free trade to England's foreign policy. Then, pausing a moment, the new marine judge glanced round the crowded room and said:

"Gentlemen, in closing, I can think of no better words than the lines of Tennyson:

"And may there be no moaning
Of the sea—"

When I put out to sea."

Sir Edward Shackleton, having spent some years in the Antarctic, may not know that this story, which he related the other day as coming under his personal notice, had a wide circulation during his absence. But it will bear retelling, nevertheless:

A young Eskimo was in love with an Eskimo girl who lived with her father on the other side of a deep crevasse. A snow bridge was the only means of crossing. The lady reciprocated his affection, but the old man would not consent to their union until the youth got more sealkins. The swain's impatience brooked no delay. He would cross the crevasse by night, carry the girl off in her sleeping bag, and break down the snow bridge. The eventful night came. He had just crossed to the farther shore, seized the sleeping bag, rushed over the bridge, broke it down behind him, opened the bag, and found that he had—the old man.

A quiet, bashful sort of a young fellow was making a call on a girl one evening not so very long ago, when her father came into the parlor with his watch in his hand. It was about 9:30 o'clock. At the moment the young man was standing on a chair straightening a picture over the piano. The girl had asked him to fix it. As he turned the old gentleman, a gruff, stout fellow, said:

"Young man, do you know what time it is?"

The bashful youth got off the chair nervously. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I was just going."

He went into the hall without any delay and took his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the doorknob, the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," was the youth's reply. "Good night!" And he left without waiting to put his coat on.

After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to the girl.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" he asked. "My watch ran down this afternoon and I wanted him to tell me the time, so that I could set it."

"William," said Mrs. Peckham, sternly, "did you ever stop to think that some one might steal me when you are away?"

"Well," responded the poor hen-pecked husband with a far-away look, "I was a little alarmed when a horse thief was prowling through these parts last week."

Mrs. Peckham stiffened up haughtily.

"A horse thief, eh?"

"Yes," he heard her, he carried off two or three bags from this section."

And then Peckham had a bee-line for the car.

A man took his wife to a music hall. The girls came on and did their notable "danse aux jambes d'acier," or "dance of the unpolluted limbs," as one might say in English. The woman, regarding this dance, sniffed, "What beats me," she said. Whether either sympathy or tact her husband chuckled, "You bet it does!"

A bailiff went out to levy a seizure on the contents of a house. The inventory began with the chattels in the attic, downward to the cellar.

When the dining room was reached the tale of furniture ran thus:

"One dining room table, oak."

"One set chairs (6), oak."

"One sideboard, oak."

"Two bottles whiskey, full—"

Then the word "full" was struck out, and replaced by the word "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurches agonically across the page, until it closed with:

"One revolving door-mat."

Two good ladies were sent out for an exhibition ride with an active chauffeur. Their friend warned them that the man was very nervous and it would not do to speak to him suddenly.

The ride at first was moderate. Out in the park system the man let out two notches of speed and the women rattled and spun, and shook up and down in the tonneau. As the man finally reached a clear lone spot he heard a gentle voice:

"If you were told not to speak suddenly to you, but I'm sure you'll pardon my saying we left Mrs. Cassidy some ten minutes back."

THE FINAL CROP FIGURES FOR 1909

A bulletin has been issued by the provincial department of agriculture, showing the final figures for the Alberta crop of 1909. The summary of the acreage and yields of the leading grains along with the figures for the first ten years is worth careful study:

Spring Wheat—Average yield 20.54

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 344,472 6,153,455 18.97

1908 212,977 4,021,915 18.81

1907 123,935 2,261,610 18.25

1906 115,502 2,664,661 23.07

1905 75,353 1,617,605 21.46

1904 47,411 786,075 16.58

1903 59,951 1,118,180 18.65

1902 45,004 850,122 18.89

1901 34,890 657,712 18.85

1900 30,361 583,806 19.22

1899 35,090 633,121 17.74

Winter Wheat—Average Yield 24.31

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 102,167 2,319,344 22.65

1908 104,056 3,093,442 29.47

1907 83,065 1,932,925 20.66

1906 61,625 1,301,359 21.11

1905 32,174 689,919 21.41

1904 8,290 159,125 18.33

1903 3,449 82,418 23.95

1898 31,348 792,417 25.27

Oats—Average Yield 30.45

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 693,901 24,819,661 35.76

1908 431,145 15,022,914 34.83

1907 307,093 9,247,914 30.11

1906 335,728 11,136,913 33.12

1905 242,861 9,514,185 39.18

1904 186,698 5,600,490 29.94

1903 162,314 5,187,511 31.95

1902 118,997 3,770,976 31.74

1901 104,533 4,253,284 40.63

1900 77,616 2,625,581 33.82

1899 51,929 2,189,441 42.16

1898 38,964 1,734,197 44.50

Barley—Average Yield 21.00

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 107,764 3,310,333 30.72

1908 77,876 1,940,104 25.03

1907 54,668 1,682,460 29.76

1906 73,888 2,157,957 29.33

1905 64,830 1,773,914 27.35

1904 61,540 1,668,241 26.12

1903 42,919 1,077,274 25.31

1902 22,201 473,108 21.31

1901 13,483 442,381 32.81

1900 9,259 230,971 25.37

1899 6,655 128,295 26.96

1898 8,742 270,826 30.98

Flax—Average Yield 10.79

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 17,441 18,431 1.05

1908 9,262 7,732 0.83

1907 6,488 5,002 0.77

1906 3,217 2,517 0.78

1905 581 3,337 1.44

1904 307 5,003 1.63

1903 830 7,753 9.34

1902 323 4,476 12.92

1901 269 6,669 24.67

1900 484 9,097 20.03

1907 181 3,346 22.15

1906 385 11,423 29.65

1905 178 4,419 24.82

1904 112 2,456 21.66

Rye—Average Yield 17.58

Year Crop area T.Yields Av. y'd

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 1,242,644 36,761,493

1908 827,641 25,073,147

1907 576,821 14,588,892

1906 501,614 19,333,266

1905 415,917 13,697,374

1904 298,433 8,161,860

in acres, in bushels, per acre

1909 12,441 23,531 18.54

1908 9,262 7,732 0.83

1907 6,488 5,002 0.77

1906 3,217 2,517 0.78

1905 581 3,337 1.44

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Home and Society

Calgary.

Mr. D. R. Ker of Victoria is in town.

Captain A. B. Wilkie of Toronto is in the city.

Mr. Frank A. Scranton of New York is in the city.

Mr. Benson Clough, of London, England, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hodson, of Toronto, are in the city.

Miss Berkenshaw entertained a number of her young friends on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Walton of Toronto are in the city for a few days.

Mrs. Riddell of Midnapore was in town for a few days this week.

General Benson of London, Eng., is spending a few weeks in Calgary.

Mrs. G. L. Foulkes received on Wednesday for the last time this season.

Miss Tabot, secretary of the Victorian League, London, Eng., was a guest at Braemar Lodge for a few days.

Mrs. Loughheed, Mr. Hembury, Mrs. Hembury, Miss Mary Stringer and Mr. Norman Loughheed enjoyed a pleasant outing to Field early in the week.

Miss Talbot, the secretary of the Victorian League, gave a very interesting and instructive address to the Daughters of the Empire at Mrs. Loughheed's on Friday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Whittemore, 337 Seventeenth avenue west, have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and little daughter of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left early in the week for the coast. They purpose spending a short time in California before they return to their home in Toronto.

The Musicians' dance was held on Friday night and was a very successful affair. Everyone considered it one of the most delightful social functions of the season.

A very enjoyable reception was given by Mrs. Thomas A. McCauley in her new and beautiful home on Wednesday of this week. The lovely rooms were brightly lit with a profusion of clusters of pink carnations, ferns and other spring blossoms. In the tea room the table was attractively arranged with sparkling silver, complete appointments and a handsome cut glass epergne filled with ever fragrant crimson carnations. Mrs. Darker presided over the tea cups for the first hour and was relieved by Mrs. R. Jamieson. Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. T. H. Norton assisted in serving the dainty refreshments and in looking after the guests. Mrs. McCauley, wearing a perfectly fitting gown of rich wisteria satin finished with rose point lace and embroidery of the same shade, extended a warm welcome to her many friends.

Her sister, Mrs. Adams, received with her, and wore a fashionable gown of turquoise blue satin embroidered in gold.

On Wednesday Sherman's Rink was the scene of a bright function when the members of the Social Hop held the closing dance for the season.

These fortnightly dances through out the winter have been very popular and have always been well attended. The dance this week was particularly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The hall was gaily decorated for the occasion and the music provided was excellent. Dainty refreshments were served. Some of those present were: Mrs. Blair, in white duchesse satin and sequins; Miss Davey, in wisteria with touches of black; Miss Neilson, in blue rajah silk; Miss Galbraith, white mouseline; Miss Rowan, black silk lace overfatta; Miss Parker, white silk crepe de chene; Miss Sparling, old rose lingerie; Miss Hawke, pale yellow satin with touches of black velvet strappings; Miss Sinclair, in pale green Dresden silk; Miss Cochran, pale blue crepe de chene; Miss Pugh, cream satin and gold; Miss L. Sinclair, white silk mull; Miss Watson, pink silk voile; Miss Hall, in a lace overdress and satin trimmings; Miss

Rowen, brown satin. Others who were there were: Mr. Garden, Mr. Sparling, Mr. Milner, Mr. Foley, Mr. Gow, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Richards, Mr. Gray, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Ballentine, Mrs. Laidler, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Allen, Mr. Harley and very many others.

THE ANTI-VACCINATION

Early in the present month word from London told of the strong anti-vaccination feeling which was growing to an alarming extent. The latest statistics give the increase in the percentage of "conscientious objections" to vaccination as from 5.6 per cent. in 1906 to 18 per cent. in 1909. This shows of course only a small proportion of the unvaccinated children, as it refers only to those who have not been vaccinated by reason of objections attributed to conscience.

The announcement is now made from Washington that a body is to be organized known as the "Washington Anti-Vaccination Society," with Harry B. Bradford, resident naturalist of the British Museum, as president. It will make an effort to repeal the law requiring all school children in the District of Columbia to be vaccinated and will start a general agitation against vaccination.

What are the thoughtful people of countries supposed to be the most advanced in modern civilization coming to while such movements as these are not only permitted but encouraged?

Let these persons who impulsively rush into such an agitation give a little serious thought to this matter. Let them read the statistics of the German army as regards the stamping out of smallpox by means of vaccination. Let them read of the scourge it formerly was before Jenner's discovery and of the horrors of the black death sweeping unchecked over towns, cities and villages, with the helpless inhabitants stricken and fugitives carrying the disease further. The horrors of smallpox are little known to us here because through vaccination it has been so largely prevented that the modern man and woman look upon it as a vague, faraway danger. They fear vaccination perhaps because they fear the inoculation of some infectious disease thereby, but if they took the trouble to inform themselves from reliable sources they would realize that since it has become the practice to use vaccine from the calf instead of from the human being that danger has practically disappeared.

Dr. Oster says in his "Practice of Medicine," referring to smallpox and vaccination: "Communities in which vaccination and revaccination have been systematically carried out are those

in which smallpox has fewest victims. On the other hand communities in which vaccination and revaccination are persistently neglected are those in which epidemics are most prevalent. In the German army the practice of re-vaccination has stamped out the disease.

He tells of an epidemic in Montreal in 1885, resulting from the opposition of the French-Canadians to vaccination in the period from 1876 up to that time. Then a single case was introduced by means of a Pullman car conductor from Chicago. This resulted in the death from smallpox of 3,164 persons in that city alone.

Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Director of Health in the Philippine Islands, in the report of the bureau of health, says: "In the provinces of Cavite, Batangas, Cebu, Bataan, La Union, Rizal and La Laguna, where heretofore there have been more than 6,000 deaths annually from smallpox, it is satisfactory to report since the completion of vaccination in the aforesaid provinces more than a year ago that a single death from smallpox has been reported."

These are known facts, and yet anti-vaccination leagues and associations are springing up on every side. Even in the land of Jenner's birth the almost superstitious fear of vaccination still holds as it did 200 years ago, when Great Britain was the slowest of all the countries to adopt the new preventative. Now the United States seems to be following its lead. It is only by constant warnings, the united forces the great danger ahead and by the strenuous, faithful work of the medical profession that this country can be saved from a very grave danger in the future.

When these children who are now being allowed to go unvaccinated are grown one case of malignant smallpox may develop an epidemic which it will then be too late to guard against or check. The dreaded, disfiguring and fatal plague will run riot as it did a hundred years ago. Such an experience will be a pretty costly way of impressing upon the public mind the utility of preventive medicine.—New York Sun.

Apello on the Roofs.

Extensive preparations are being made for this season's roof garden shows.—Amusement note.

The songs of the roofs are a joy to the populace. Sung every night by the chorus and stars.

They have marches like this, while the coryphees interlace. Action to suit every note in the bars. Hear the orchestra blare with bassoon, horn and cornet! He with the snare drum is earning his pay! The leader is sawing the air in a wild throat

Starland

Always Up-to-Date - Always Ahead of the Others

Coming Soon Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race

Witnessed by an Immense Throng.

For strings and the oboe and little fife gay!

There is naught on Broadway to compare with the twitterings, Poes, pert noses and bright glancing eyes

Of the diligent chorus and show girls—
—The pretty things—
Trained how to dance and at times vocalize.

If your longing's for lyrics there you'll be finding 'em

Dear little ballads and ragtimes galore,

And bowery songs—hear the hand organs grinding 'em;

Here is a specimen superior:

"My little sweetheart, all my own!

Dear little duchess, mine alone!

Soon we will marry, do not fear,

My little darling Molly dear!

Through clouds may gather in the sky

We will be happy, you and I

Dear little Molly, do not cry,

We will be married by and by."

But the song that is nearest the heart of the masses,

Heard every hour of the day and the night,

Played for cotillions as danced by the classes,

Sung at the picnic that ends in a fight,

Is the ragtime that sings of the dark and his girly,

The coon on the levee or at colored ball,

Whenever you hear it your feet get all twirly,

You cannot stop dancing at all till you fall!

"Ah'm gwine save mah money, quit bucking 'gainst de bank!"

Quit dopping out de ponies for 'Ah allus draw a bank;

Ah'll never shoot at crap again no play at policy

Till Ah've bought a wedding ring for mah gal from Tennessee.

Ah'm her Number One and Ah love her through and through!

Ah'll have boodle and she'll certainly be true.

She's as cunning as a kitten

But she'll never give de mitter

To a fellow (plink plunk) wid de dough."

—Edward W. Townsend, in New York Sun.

Wanderlust

This here kind o' weather makes me

Feel like goin' off to roam,

Somethin' inside sorter aches me,

Planted underneath the frost, an'

Just a strugglin' to get out,

All the Winter sorter lost, an'

Knowin' Springtime is about.

Ain't no other time o' year that makes me feel just this a-way.

Seems just sorter like a fear that Spring ain't got no time to stay.

"Come along with me," says Spring, an' in my heart she starts to sing an'

Then I feel I got to go.

All the passin' breezes coax me,

All the birds are callin' me,

Somethin' inside sorter chokes me,

An' I'm longin' to be free.

That's just how this weather makes me

Feel like goin' off to roam,

Every year the feelin' takes me,

When they're cleanin' house at home!

Declining Birth Rate in England.

The birth rate in England and Wales last year was the lowest on record—25½ per thousand. The low rate is attributed by Public Opinion to the bad trade of 1908, but it seems rather to be symptomatic of a general tendency all over the civilized world.

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For the Benefit of its Policyholders—
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360 Million Dollars

Additional Payments to Policyholders and other Concessions not stipulated in Original Contracts, Made Voluntarily to Holders of Old Policies in the past 20 years, have cost Over.....

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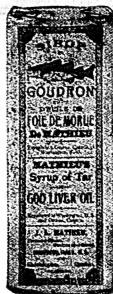
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of Tar and Cod Liver
Oil
Large Bottle 35c
Mathieu's Nerve
Powder
Box of 12 Powders 25c
From all dealers

Cure that Cough- Prevent Another

There is a double benefit in using Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil. It cures, it fortifies; it removes the immediate trouble, drives away the cough, soothes the irritated surface, heals the inflamed membranes and at the same time, owing to its tonic properties, builds up the system as a whole.

Its results are marvellous.
A bottle in the house is a wise precaution.
All dealers keep

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16 oz. Bak. Powder, reg. 25c, 15c
Toilet Soap, reg. 5c, 8 for 25c
Huntly & Palmer Disc. reg. 40c, 25c
Fresh Ground Coffee at 30, 40, 45c
Fresh Eggs at 20c per dozen
Best Java Rice, 5 lbs for 25c
Pearl Barley, reg. 10c, 4 for 25c
Clover Leaf Salmon 20c, 2 for 35c
1 1/2 oz. can Pineapple Cubes, 15c ea.

Just received a large consignment of Naval and Blood Oranges.
Reg. 40c Oranges.....30c
Reg. 50c Oranges.....40c
Blood Oranges, reg. 35c.....25c
Lettuce, Tomatoes, Celery, Radishes
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Renew Your Subscription

THE ALBERTA OF YESTERDAY

(By Rev. John McDougall.)

I came into Northern, or what is really Central, Alberta, during the summer of 1882. I came from west and is now Keewatin, and north of Winnipeg. There were at that time eight Hudson's Bay posts in Alberta. Edmonton was the most southerly of these, the others being situated beside the lakes and rivers of the country north of the North Saskatchewan river. There were three Roman Catholic missions—St. Albert, nine miles north of Fort Edmonton; Lac Ste. Anne and Lac Elche. There were two Methodist missions—one at Smoking Lake and the other at Whitefish Lake.

In 1882 there were no settlers or settlements outside of these Hudson's Bay posts and mission stations in Alberta.

Buffalo and forest game, fish and wild fowl constituted the food of the people then dwelling or roaming in Alberta. At that time the buffalo migrations were north in winter and south in summer. These splendid meat and fur-bearing animals were in great numbers.

The immigrants of that period were the few missionaries and the Hudson's Bay employees, and an occasional trader. None of these were permanent settlers, but nomads. The aboriginal people were the Crees, the Mountain and Wood Stoney and the Beaver Indians, and coming south the Sarcee and the Blackfeet, the bands and Piegans. These people spoke four distinct languages and in time these languages became very dialectical, according to distance and locality. There were a few French mixed bloods, who were, like the Indians, nomads, but who centred at times around the Roman Catholic missions.

In 1882 one might travel for many days on horseback or by dog train and, outside of his own party, not see a human being. The country was large. The people were scarce. Moreover, tribal war was constant and that concentrated the tribes and prevented their scattering.

In 1882 there were no wagons in Alberta and very few Red River carts, and all of these were constructed entirely without iron. In 1882 the multiple streams of Alberta were without either ferries or bridges. The uniform rate of freight from Red River, or Fort Garry, to Edmonton, was ten cents a pound, and from York Factory to Edmonton by inland boat, the rate was seventeen cents per pound.

In 1882 there was one mail packet in the twelve months. This generally reached Alberta in February, sometimes in March. Only letters were carried in this packet.

In 1882 tea, salt, and tobacco were each a dollar a pound. Sugar and flour were not a dollar. The great majority of the inhabitants had, at that time, never tasted flour, or sugar or syrup; only a very few had begun to drink tea.

In 1882 the Hudson's Bay Company had completely eliminated the rum traffic from their trade, and all Alberta was teetotal.

In 1882 the transport power in Alberta was either horses, oxen or dogs. The Hudson's Bay Company used small boats on the North Saskatchewan; these were propelled by man power.

Alberta in 1873

By the end of 1873 the Hudson's Bay Company had nine posts in Alberta. The most southerly of these was the Mountain House on the North Saskatchewan. The Roman Catholic Church had five missions and the Methodist Church also had five. I had established a mission on the Bow river, which was named Morley, and the Rev. Father Scollin started one on the Elbow river about the same time.

In 1873 the mission stations at Victoria and Edmonton and St. Albert became the nucleus of settlement in Central Alberta, or, as it was then known, the "North Country." A considerable number of mixed bloods had come west from the Red River settlements to these above mentioned points; and more free traders had also come into the north country.

In 1873 American traders had come across the line and established themselves at Whopup and Fort Klipp, and in the winter seasons branched out in temporary posts at High River, on the Sheep creek and on the Elbow and Bow rivers, and even as far north as the Red Deer. These, with the exception of I. G. Baxter & Co., were in the whiskey trade. Accompanying these were a considerable number of white men who went into the industry of poisoning wolves and were given the name of "The Wolfers." At the time the large buffalo wolf was in great numbers in Alberta.

In 1873 the declination of the southern Indians was rapid because of the whiskey traffic, and while Alberta was without law or government, the south-

ern portion was the scene of many a bloody crime.

In 1873 the only white woman in all Alberta, from Edmonton to the boundary line, was Mrs. McDougall, wife of the writer, and not until the early part of 1874 did the second white woman come south of Edmonton, and the Mrs. Mrs. David McDougall, my brother's wife.

In 1873 tribal war was still rampant. All travel was accomplished at great risk and constant vigilance was the order both at home and abroad. Especially was this true of Southern Alberta.

In 1873 very little change had taken place as to modes of travel and means of transport. A few buckboards and wagons and iron bound carts had taken the place of the saddle and wooden cart. There was no change as yet in communication with the outside world. An occasional traveller might bring one's letters through from Fort Garry. I have carried the mails for all Alberta many thousands of miles, and was not burdened in so doing.

In 1873 the buffalo were still the chief article of food. Their migration had somewhat changed and now was west and north in winter and east and south in summer.

In 1873 I was the only Protestant missionary between Edmonton and somewhere in southern Montana, and the Rev. Mr. Scollin was the only Roman Catholic priest in the same territory. There was not a single settler indulging in any of the occupations of to-day. No one ever dreamed of farming, to any extent, south of the Red Deer river. As a matter of fact, there was not even a little kitchen garden south of Edmonton. Still, in the mountains in Southern Alberta to Edmonton and again make the return journey and not see a human being other than your own little company.

Alberta, glorious to make, boundless in wealth, was there, but still remaining as for ages in primeval solitude and almost undiminished in quality.

Alberta in 1883

1883. The North West Mounted Police have come in and government has been established. Indian treaties covering Alberta north to the Athabasca river, have been made. The Indian Department has established two agencies in Alberta—at Macleod and Edmonton.

The Hudson's Bay Company has come south as far as Morley, and then to Calgary. The American firm of I. G. Baxter & Co. has come north as far as Calgary. The Anglicans and Presbyterians have come in to share in the mission work—the former in 1872, and the latter some years later. The original churches, the Methodist and the Roman Catholic, have followed up the sparse settlement of the country.

The government telegraph line has been built to Edmonton. Farming in a square way has gone on around Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan, St. Albert, Calgary, Macleod and Pincher Creek, but there has been small immigration. Here and there stock raising has begun from the Red River to the 49th parallel.

The Canadian Pacific railway reaches Calgary and passes on up into the mountains as far as Laggan. A sack of flour, the freight on which hitherto, would cost \$10 from Fort Garry to the mountains, can now be brought from Winnipeg for 42 cents (in carload lots), thus saving in freight alone, a also very much in wear and tear and weather loss, the sum of \$2.58 to the consumer! No wonder you never hear an old timer grumbling about freight rates.

One can, in the autumn of 1883, take the journey to Winnipeg from Western Alberta and return within the week and have time to transact considerable business. Up to this time with relays of horses the quickest return trip had taken a month's time and you swam the rivers.

In 1883 still the estimate of Alberta was that the best and northern portions are agricultural and from Red Deer south to the line purely pastoral. Up to the autumn of 1883 the mails had been monthly to Edmonton on the north and Macleod on the south. Now the mails came weekly, then semi-weekly, and shortly daily. Stage lines were established between Edmonton and Macleod making weekly trips. And in this year immigration began to come into Alberta, albeit very slowly.

In 1883 the Eastern Canadian, with seeming reluctance, began to believe the old timer that there was good land along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. In 1883 Eastern Canada was compelled to recognize its geographical, agricultural, pastoral, climatic and general knowledge of the Albertan portion of its own country.

In 1883, therefore, we had the Canadian Pacific railway built and running to the mountains. We had a stage



HASSAN Cork Tipped Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

line north to Edmonton and south to Macleod. Beyond these means of transport, Alberta was as in the beginning of things, and if you would travel you must outfit yourself and trust in Providence and your own resources. There were two schools in Alberta in 1883, one in Morley and the other in Macleod.—From the Calgary Optimist.

Darius Green and His Motor-Machine.
(With apologies to J. T. Trowbridge).

Darius Green
Built a motor-machine;
Its wheels were red, and the body was green,
With little blue doodads painted between.

The body was made of an old-time hack,
With a coupe front, and a buggy-top back.

He found in a field near the old haystack,
The wheels were obtained from a donkey-cart.

And an old hay-wain, and they looked right smart,
No two of a size, but fair to see

To the loving eyes of Darius G.
He made his tires of garden-hose—
There never were others quite like those—
And he kept them filled and ready to jump.

With liquid air from the village pump.
He made his tank from a boiler of tin
His mother had done all the laundry in.

'Twas battered a bit, and it leaked at the joints,
But he stopped up the holes with a pot of glue.

Two strong crowsbars were the properties,
Darius used for his axletrees,
While a couple of old tin cans were for the carbure.

While the springs he took from an ancient bed
He found in the loft of his dad's woodshed.

He used the neck of a little brown jug
To hold his patented "Green Spark

Plug,"—
A cork with a wind-match ready to pop
When a sandpaper card slid over its top—
And this was placed right under the spot
Where the tank would explode when it got too hot,
And start the machine at a first-class hike
Up the dusty pike.

The neighbors came from ten miles about
To see D. G. and his car set out.
He filled up the tank with kerosene,
The grocer "hadn't no gasoline,"
But he guessed 'twould do
For a mile or two.

He took his seat on his motor-throne,
And blew his horn—"twas an old trombone."
He'd bought third-hand
From the village band.

He jerked his wheel, and he gave a start
With his left hindfoot for to start the clutch,
And then with his right
Made the spark ignite,
And—BOOM! Did it go?

Like a flurry of snow!
The spark-plug worked on the kerosene,
And the kerosene lifted the limousine,
And the car right there
Stilled up in the air.

'Til it looked like a star on a fearful tear.
But alas! and alack!
It never came back!
No sign was seen
Of Darius Green,

Nor his nor hair of his great machine.
Save the little brown jug and a piece of chain
That landed in Maine!
'Tis thought Darius made some mistake,
And a stand of a motor of modern make
Had got up some kind of a new earthquake,
Though some maintain
That "it warn't no air, but an air-plate."
—John Kendrick Bangs, in "The Century."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Forbes-Taylor Co., to celebrate their first six months of most gratifying and successful trading, have decided to make up for the First Two Weeks in May, Gowns, Suits or Separate Coats at specially reduced prices.

This offer extends to any class of materials we have in stock, including the present popular Foulard and Rajah Silks.

Remember, For Two Weeks Only

The Forbes Taylor Co.

233 Jasper Avenue, West

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EVERYWHERE

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King of hearts
With Boyd's Chocolates
Points his darts.

Chocolates

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WINNIPEG.

\$54,694,882

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b) Reserve 948,288
c) Income 302,571
d) Surplus 348,296

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The Original and Only Genuine
Beware of Imitations
Sold on the Merits of
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FORTY-SEVEN YEARS IN CANADIAN PARLIAMENT

A Notable Speech by Sir Richard Cartwright at a Recent Dinner in his Honor at Ottawa, in Which he Glances into the Past and Forecasts Some Developments of the Future.

To the best of my recollection when I entered public life in 1863 I was then the youngest member of Parliament from my own Province of Ontario. Today I am the oldest, as far as the period of continuous service goes. Looking back over that long vista of seven and forty years, I cannot fail to be struck with the enormous changes which have taken place. When I entered public life the political cauldron was boiling over both in Canada and elsewhere. At that moment the United States was engaged in the most desperate and awful war of the century. At that moment the relation now so happily subsisting between ourselves and our sister province had been strained to the very point of disruption; and speaking from my own recollection I have very little doubt that nothing but the sight of the desperate strife which was being carried on alongside of us prevented the utter disruption of the legislative union between the two Canadas.

Some New Things.

As I have said, the changes which I have had occasion to witness, both material and political, have been very remarkable kind. Thinking over the matter but lately, there were several things which occurred to me in the material line which it is worth while remembering in considering the present condition of this Dominion. In those days we had no cable or telephone. In those days, as I know to my cost, during many months of the year it was often as tedious and long a journey from Toronto to Quebec as it is today from Ottawa to Vancouver. In those days there was no such thing as a railway of any kind or sort across the continent. The buffalo roamed in millions in my early days from the Red River to Texas. In point of fact in those days it was hardly possible to conceive a more complete revolution than has taken place since that time. In those days there was no Northwest. Practically, in a certain sense, we had hardly any future before us at that time in Canada, at least hardly any that was visible to us.

No German Emperor Then.

And when you turn to the political side, when you look abroad on the world, the changes have been even greater. In those days there was no such thing as a German Emperor or a German Empire. In those days Prussia was an absolutely negligible quantity. In those days Japan had only been discovered by the American squadron, who, without intending it, without knowing it, when they were about, succeeded in creating a new and strong sea power. More than all, strangely enough, the dominant figure, the man who of all others attracted the attention and exercised weight in the councils not merely of Europe, but of the new world, was the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He had just checked Russia; he had defeated Austria; his armies had taken possession of Mexico, and it was a subject of very serious apprehension in Washington, to my certain knowledge, as to which way he would throw his influence in the case of the strife between the North and the South.

An Overwhelming Fact.

Sir, if in those days in 1863 any man had risen up among us in the guise of a prophet, or in any other guise you please, and had told us that within half a dozen years the great Emperor would be a fugitive and a captive, that his capital would have been occupied and his army to our regret, he would have regarded him as a little better than an incurable lunatic. As for the matter of that, I am inclined to think that any one of you would ten years ago have regarded a man as an incurable lunatic who would have told you that within ten years a Japanese army would have defeated 500,000 Russian troops in the open field in battle. But in my mind there was one thing with which we are much more immediately concerned, which the future historian, when he comes to review the nineteenth century, will, if he understands his trade, say was more important than all of these put together, and that was the fact that the close of that century saw eighty millions of English speaking men assembled together in North America, to our selves and the people of the United States. Sir, those eighty millions have grown since that time in ten years to a hundred millions today. That, sir, is the great and the dominating fact of the twentieth century.

Much Depends Upon It.

Now, to my mind, much depends upon that fact, much for us, much for the welfare of the world. I have thought, and as I have often thought, and as I much desire, that that hundred millions could be brought by any honorable and just means to an alliance with the fifty other millions of English-speaking men on the other side of the seas, then, sir, you would see presented to the world a combination which I think would make to an enormous extent for the peace of the world and the benefit

of mankind. I do not undertake to prophesy, but I have seen strange things already in my time, and of one thing I do feel perfectly certain, that the hundred and fifty millions of English-speaking men dominating two oceans, controlling the two main arteries of commerce, need give themselves no concern about Indian perils or German scares.

For the Peace of the World.

More than that, I hold that should such an alliance as I speak of ever be consummated, in that fact lies perhaps the one and only chance now existing for bringing about that much desired general disarmament, which alone can insure the present peace of the world. To my mind it is a frightful thing, to my mind it is a horrible thing, to my mind it is the four greatest nations upon earth, the four who call themselves the most highly civilized nations, are at this very moment expending two-thirds of their net available income in maintaining warlike preparations to cut each other's throats, while, according to a recent statement of a late Prime Minister of England, there are millions upon millions of their people who do not know from one day's end to the other where they will find food for the next morning. Think, and I am not speaking without reflection or without cause, that it might well come to pass that we in Canada, who occupy a very peculiar position between the two great sections of the English speaking race, might well be small nations as we yet are, to assist in bringing these great countries together for such a purpose.

Canada's Position.

I do not think I am wrong in saying that Canadians, and Canadian public men more particularly, are in a position to understand and appreciate Great Britain and the United States better, perhaps, than either of them can understand the other without us. I think that the people of Canada better understand and appreciate fully the enormous potentials which reside in the great republic, and I know that the people of Canada, of all kinds and creeds, understand and appreciate well the loyalty, the courage, the self-sacrifice and the patriotism which have gone to great lengths to make the British Empire what it now is. Now, it is perfectly true that these two great races, standing apart, can do but little in the direction that I have intimated, but it is equally true, I think, that if they stand together, occupying the position they do now, it is equally true that to all intents and purposes there is no force or combination of forces on earth that dare treat them lightly or that dare disregard their commands. I strongly suspect, were they delegated or disposed to insist on the preservation of reasonable peace and reasonable disarmament among the nations of the world.

An Ideal for Canada.

That, Mr. Chairman, is the ideal which I think the people of Canada may well set before them as a thing to be striven for and possibly attained by them. True, I have said we are a small nation, but at the same time history shows us that small nations with high ideals have more than once exercised a potential influence in the councils of the world. As you all know, Great Britain has been for centuries the great colonizing empire of the world. Great Britain counts her colonies by the score; I might almost say she counts them by the hundred. She has colonies acquired in every conceivable way; colonies by right of discovery, colonies by right of purchase, colonies by right of conquest, colonies by right of exchange, colonies which were made or settled by men who desired to better their conditions; other colonies which to a certain extent were brought about because the colonies had made the old country a little too hot to hold them. But as I took occasion to intimate to an English audience on a somewhat similar occasion, England possesses but one colony, and one colony only of which it can truly be said that England did not find it with any hope of bettering the condition of the colonists, but they were men who risked their lives and sacrificed their fortunes for the purpose of maintaining their allegiance to the flag. That is an honorable descent and an honorable tradition, and I hold that we would do best justice to the memory of our forefathers, the United Empire Loyalists, if in this way—a roundabout way if you please—we could succeed in bringing about some such alliance for some such purpose as I have ventured to indicate to you tonight.

Sentiment of Today.

Be that as it may, all I can say is this: Years ago I would myself have admitted that it was rather a devout imagination that a practical reality, but I have been an attentive student of the course of public affairs in the United States for a considerable period of time, and I have seen a very great and a very wholesome change for the better, taking place in the temper and the feelings of the people of the United States, or, at any rate, of a large portion of them, and certainly of American public men, and I desire to bear my testimony, as I have done else-

where, to the very considerable service which was rendered to the British Empire by the American people and by the American legislatures during the period of the Boer war. To the best of my recollection, during that whole period not one single resolution was offered in the American Congress, not one single speech was made in either branch of their legislature reflecting on the conduct of the British government. All of you who are men of experience in public life will, I am sure, agree with me in saying that knowing the composition of many constituencies of the United States, both in the Congress and the local legislatures, they most manfully resisted the great temptation to make some considerable kudos and some considerable political gain for themselves, by not pausing to the feelings of certain influential sections who would have been delighted had they taken a stand in opposition to us. More than that, the Americans have ceased to be a merely new-world power, they have become in the largest sense a world power. They have, as we have, a good deal to give, and they have a good deal to gain from just such an alliance as I have spoken of. There is no longer any doubt that their interests are becoming parallel to ours, and to those of the British Empire in a great many ways. There, gentlemen, if you wish, or will, is an object which I think we can all agree in desiring to forward, and which I think is now becoming a very practical solution, of a very considerable number of the difficulties which now beset the mother country.

Canada's Good Fortune.

Be that as it may, sir, whether my aspirations in that respect have ever been carried out or not I do not know and I will not undertake to prophesy, although I have seen far stranger things happen in my own time already. Be that as it may, I can congratulate you all that whatever else has happened, the material progress of Canada at any rate during the last decade has been most remarkably rapid. It has been of a phenomenal description. Sir, nations are now engaged in averting perils, from which we may learn how apart from that, we find that other escape similar dangers. Other nations are engaged in solving problems with which we will have to grapple some time or other, but I think we can look to a very great extent by their example in the way we shall deal with them.

Discounting the Season.

"Itk D," in the *Vegreville Observer* addresses himself to a well-discussed question again as follows: "The seeding of the bumper crop is far advanced; just about six or seven weeks ahead of last year. My editorial friend mildly objected to my remarks in this connection, and no doubt in a general way, an optimistic frame of mind is preferable to the lamentations of Jeremiah; but when he says that the seeding is so far ahead, I am inclined to think that he is not quite so sure of the ground. There is nothing disastrous about this and is in my mind a solution, and they have no such inspiring messages for the other professions; they don't tell the manufacturers that protection is going to be as high as the gibbet of Haman, or the doctors that every indication points to the outbreak of a beautiful epidemic, or the lawyers that all the people in the country will be at each other's throats; no such luck for them. I know 'cause my pa's got a microscope." "Microscope" shouted his cynical young friend: "Why a microscope is a bug." "I know. My pa won't drink any water because he says it is full of microscopes."

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

"In going to see the comet for sure," said Arthur, a little Austin boy, "I know 'cause my pa's got a microscope." "Microscope" shouted his cynical young friend: "Why a microscope is a bug." "I know. My pa won't drink any water because he says it is full of microscopes."

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Capital Paid Up \$3,297,650.
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Edmonton Branch - A. H. DICKINS, Manager

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Have been the Leading Light of Canada.

Progressive activity and the best materials have evolved from the slow-burning Sulphur Match to the perfect up-to-date

EDDY "SILENT" PARLOR MATCH

Why use an inferior Match?

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Friday and Saturday of this week

Greatest War Picture of the Year **Rally Round The Flag**

Battalions of Infantry
Troops of Cavalry
Miner exploding, bombs bursting

WHY CALL PEOPLE CRANKS?

Who are Exactings. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no Splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All good dealers keep them, also

Eddy's Pails, Tubs, Washboards, Toilet Papers, etc.

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Established 1851

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THE BEST TONIC FOR SPRING

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES

THAT ARE FOUND IN EVERY GOOD HOME
COME FROM THE

Capital Wine and Spirit Co.

A. E. Hopkins, Manager

Her Musical Taste

(From the Chicago Post)

Prof. Louis Wilson says that each color harmonizes with its corresponding note in music.

I cannot wear the old songs
I wore a year ago—
My last year's hat was in B flat
And sounds like "Old Black Joe."
My husband says to change it
And pitch it now in F.
I tell him that a last year's hat
Appeals but to the deaf.

I cannot wear the old tunes,
Although they're not worn out;
My dinner gown would make you
frown.

Without the slightest doubt.
The higher notes are slurred—
The scherzo skirt I used to flirt
No longer can be heard.

I do not modern music;
To me it is sublime—
In last year's waist there can be
traced

"The Good Old Summer Time."
And so I will not wear it,
Though it's as good as new;
I know you'd mock a rag-time frock
In one dawning on your view.

My new hat's cadenza
Of wondrous tones and trills—
My husband says in minor air,
When he looks at the bills.

There is a charm in music
T soothes the savage breast,
But men have hearts which music's
darts

Find armor plate at best.
Still, I've made out my programme
From overture to end.

For sleeve duets in minor keys
But all the chords must blend,
I cannot wear the old songs
I wore a year gone by—
They're now as old as "Threads of
Gold"
Or "Comin' Through the Rye."

That Cough
Won't Stick

—to you if you take
Mathieson's Syrup of
Tar and Cod Liver
Oil; it will grow
worse if you neglect
it. Help nature
drive away the cold
and tone up your
health. Nothing else
does this double duty
as well as Mathieson's
Syrup of Tar and
Cod Liver Oil.

It arrests—it
strengthens.
Large bottle 35 cts., from all dealers.
J. L. Mathieson Co. Props., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

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Foley Bros. Larsson and Co., Vancouver, Edmonton,
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Turner's Orchestra

For Dances, etc.

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ments please mention
that you saw it in the
Saturday News

Wear a Flower for Mother's Sake

To honor the best Mother who ever lived—
your own. That is the purpose of Mother's Day

Sunday, May 8th, 1910.

We shall be prepared Saturday, May 7th,
with a fine assortment of fine fresh flowers,
appropriate for Mother's Day at our usual
moderate prices.

Ramsay's Greenhouses,

PHONE 1292

EDMONTON

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

placed under such obligation to him.
The incident should serve to show
the necessity of making some provi-
sion out of the finances of the country
for those who have served it for a
lengthy period. An attempt was made
some years ago along these lines.
Ministers who had served for a pe-
riod of five years, received a pension.
There was a terrible outcry through-
out the Dominion and the government
bowed to it by withdrawing the leg-
islation. But it was in the right di-
rection, nevertheless.

The need of keeping those filling
important offices absolutely above sus-
picion of using these for private
ends is also illustrated in the pro-
motion of Justice Magee of the On-
tario High Court to the Court of Ap-
peal. It happens that Justice Magee
resided over the recent Foster-Mac-
donald libel case and charged the jury
strongly in favor of the defence.
There is no question that the govern-
ment was anxious to see Mr. Foster
lose and now the judge's promotion
leads some papers to suggest that he
is being rewarded. The only way to
avoid having color given to such
charges is to abandon the system of
judicial promotions entirely.

The tributes paid to Earl Grey in
the closing hours of the session of
the Dominion parliament by the lead-
ers of both parties will be warmly
seconded by the people of the coun-
try at large. We have been very for-
tunate during these years of great
expansion to have had as the King's
representative a man who entered so
thoroughly into our life and was so
well qualified to give expression to



our highest aspirations. "An only pre-
sident occupant of the post who real-
ized something like the same extent
of his possibilities was the Earl of Du-
ferin. The governor general, in the
person of such a man as either of
these, is no useless figure-head. He
plays a very real and a very useful
part, and it is to be earnestly hoped
that in filling this high office in the
future the Motherland will continue
to send to us of her best.

The Steel Trust's Good Example.
Philadelphia Record.

Let us make haste to give the United
States Steel Corporation a due
measure of praise while occasion exists.
It has followed up the stoppage of
unnecessary Sunday work in its mills
by stoppage of the Sunday movement
of coal and coke and other material
on the railroads it controls. There
is excellent authority for believing
that rest one day in seven is good for
man and beast. Whether the action
of the Trust be upon the incentive of
good morals or of good business, it is
well worthy of general imitation.
There must be some Sunday labor.
The waters and the winds move cease-
lessly and the earth whirls in its
orbit. So men must eat, drink and
breathe and think every day in
the year; but they can abstain from
all undue and unnecessary labor with
advantage to body and mind.

After All

"After death, what?—Cesare Lombroso.
After you and I have ceased to care
The April winds will blow across the
hill.

The rose will spread its fragrance on
the air,
The swallows twitter found the
chimey still,
The brook will wind its leisure way
along,
And right will still be right and wrong
be wrong.

After you and I have ceased to fret
Because our planning sometimes
comes to naught
The foolish still will foolishly regret
When home the spite they vented
has been brought;
They will be needed most who give
delight.
And wrong will still be wrong and
right be right.

After you and I have ceased to toil
It may be that we shall with joy
arrive,
Where none shall be undone and none
despoil.

Where no one for another's gain
shall strive;
But here the wise men still shall be
the strong,
And right will still be right and wrong
be wrong.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Deplorable Condition of Poor in
England.

A social worker recently made an
examination into the case of 320 old
men and old women living in one
British workhouse. It was found, by
actual enquiry, that only nine out of
this number had relatives who were
in a position to offer them a roof to
cover their heads. Even in the case
of these nine the relatives would be
unable to provide food for their de-
pendents if these were forced back
upon their care.

THEY TOOK HIM
FROM HIS BED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED
MR. F. MCALIFFE'S
LUMBAGO

Lachute man, after fourteen years of
suffering, finds health and strength
in an old reliable Kidney remedy.

Lachute, Que., May 2 (Special).—
After fourteen years of suffering,
which started from pleurisy followed
by dropsical swellings, and culminated
in lumbago, and confined him to
his bed, Malachi F. McAliff, a well-
known resident of this place, has en-
tirely recovered his health, and he
says without hesitation, "I am sure I
owe it entirely to Dodd's Kidney
Pills."

"I was laid up with Pleurisy, which
affected my Kidneys," Mr. McAliff
continues. "I suffered a great deal of
pain, especially in my back. I was
also terribly troubled with dropsical
swellings, and finally after many at-
tempts to get rid of my trouble, I
found myself compelled to give up and
was confined to my bed with Lumbago.
I tried many medicines but they
failed to do me any good. Then
I turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and
after taking one box I was greatly
relieved. I took several more boxes
and found myself completely cured."
Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure any
and all forms of Kidney Disease.

BABIES' TOASTS

Samuel L. Clemens was among the
distinguished persons called upon to
deliver addresses at the banquet
given at the Palmer House, Chicago,
on the evening of November 13, 1899,
in honor of General U. S. Grant, who
had reached Chicago the previous
day from his old home at Galena.
The illustrious soldier had just re-
turned from his triumphal journey
around the world, and there had
gathered on this occasion, men who
remembered him as a leather sales-
man, soldiers who had served with him
during the Mexican and civil wars, as
well as many of the most distin-
guished statesmen of the country.

The fifteenth and last regular toast
at the banquet The Babies; they
conquer in our sorrow; let us not
forget them in our festivities. The
response was by Mr. Clemens (Mark
Twain). He said:

"I like it. We have not all had
the good fortune to be ladies. We
have not been generals or poets, or
statesmen, but when the toasts were
down to the babies, we stand on com-
mon ground—for we have all been
babies. It is a shame that the world
and years the world's banquets have
utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't
amount to anything!"

"If you will and think a minute
—if you will go back fifty or a hun-
dred years to your first married life
and recontemplate your first baby,
you will remember that he amounted
to a great deal, and even something
over."

"You soldiers all know that when
that little fellow arrived at family
headquarters you had to hand in your
resignation. He took entire command.
You became his lackey—his mere body
servant, and you had to stand around,
and allowances for time, distance,
weather or anything else. You had
to execute his order whether it was
possible or not, and there was only
one form of machinery in his manual
tactics and that was the double-
quick."

"He treated you with every sort of
insolence and disrespect and the brav-
est of you didn't dare to say a word.
You could face the death storm of
Donelson and Vicksburg and give
back blow for blow, but when he
clawed your whiskers and pulled your
hair and twisted your nose you had
to take it."

"When the thunders of war were
sounding in your ears you set your
face toward the batteries and advanced
with a steady tread, but when he
turned on the terrors of his in-
flection, and mighty glad of the chance
you did venture to throw out any
remarks about certain services being
unbecoming an officer and a gentle-
man. 'No, you're up and got it.
When he ordered his pap bottle, and
it was not warm, did you talk back?
You went to work and warmed it.
You even descended so far in your
menial service as to take a suck at
that warm, insipid stuff—just as
it was. You were under good discipli-
ne, and as you went stirring up and
down the room in your undress un-
iform you not only prattled baby talk,
but even tuned up your marriage
song to the tune of 'Rock-a-bye, Baby,
in the Tree Top, for instance. What a
spectacle for an Army of the Tennes-
see, and what an affliction for the
neighbors too, for it is not everybody
within a mile around that likes mil-
itary music at 3 in the morning."

"And when you had been keeping
this sort of thing up for two or three
hours and your little velvet-head in-
timated that nothing suited him like
exercise and noise, what did you do?
You simply went on till you dropped
in the last ditch."

"The idea that a baby doesn't
amount to anything! Why, one baby
is just a house and a front yard full
by itself. One baby can furnish
more business than you and your in-
terior department can attend to. He
is enterprise, irrepressible, brimful
of unlawful activities. Do what you
please, you can't make him stay on
the reservation."

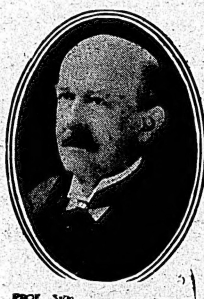
"Sufficient unto the day is one baby.
As long as you are in your right mind
you never pay for twins—and there
ain't any real difference between tri-
plets and an insurrection."

"Yes, it is high time for a toast
to the masses to arouse the im-
portance of the babies. Think what
is in store for the present crop.
Fifty years from now we shall be
dead, I trust, and then the flag, if it
still survives, and let us hope it may,
will be floating over a republic num-
bered 200,000,000 souls according to
the settled laws of our increase.
Our present schooner of state will
have grown into a political leviathan
a great Eastern. The cradled ba-
bies of today will be on deck. Let
them be well trained, for we are
going to leave a big contract on their
hands."

"Among the three or four million
cradles now rocking in the land are
some which this nation would preserve
for ages as sacred things, if we could
know which ones they are. In one of
these cradles the unconscious Farrag-
ut of the future is at this moment

teething, and putting in a world of
justified inarticulate but perfectly
justifiable protest over it, too. In
another the future renowned astron-
omer is blinking at the milky way
with but a liquid interest, poor little
chaps! and wondering what has be-
come of the other one they call the
wet nurse in another the future
great historian is lying—and doubtless
will continue to lie, until his earthly
mission is ended. In another the fu-
ture president is busying himself with
no profounder problem than what has
become of his hair so early—and in a
mighty array of cradles there are now
some 60,000 future office seekers get-
ting ready to furnish him occasion
to grapple with the same old problem
at some time.

"And in still one more cradle, some-
where under the old flag, the future
illustrious commander-in-chief of the
American armies is so little burdened
with his approaching grandeur and
responsibilities as to be giving his
whole strategic mind at this moment
to trying to find some way to get his
big toe into his mouth, an achieve-
ment which, meaning no disrespect,
the illustrious guests of this evening
turned their attention to some fifty-six
years ago. If the child is but a
prophecy of the man, there are mighty
few who will doubt that he will suc-
ceed."



Collier's Magazine pays this rare
tribute in its last issue:

Most "Yale men" would agree that
no other single personality on the
faculty of the last twenty-five years
impressed as many men with the
vivacious of William Graham Sumner,
who died on April 12.

After he was graduated from col-
lege, he studied in Europe. Later he
became dean of the Episcopal
Church, assistant rector, and rector.
From the ministry he returned to
teaching, and took a chair in Yale.
He specialized and taught in economics
and the science of society, and held
a professorship of political economy
and sociology at Yale for thirty-six
years. He was an advocate of free
trade, and a strong anti-imperialist.

"Yes, I went into the church," he
said in his gruff but attractive way.
"I went into it and went through it.
Got all there was to be got out of
it." He meant that the intellectual
feeding was thin.

"Career impulse" was a favorite
phrase of his. He was then referring
to the stirrings of ambition in youth
and felt by the young graduate as he
stepped out into active life.

"We are aware," he used to say,
"life uses us up, just as kitchen ware
is used up. Then we are tossed out.
I have been a ware, and I've had hard
usage, too."

It is probably fair to believe that
a good many men in different parts of
the earth stopper their work for
little on hearing of his death, long
enough at least to say, each in his
own vernacular: "There went a man."

"Mark Twain."
Samuel L. Clemens, Born 1835—
Died 1910.
The Court of Mirth is dark and still
On a bright moment of jocund
spring.
The honored jester lies in state—
The jester who was also king.

While of a world-wide realm he
ruled
With sceptre of keen-humored pen,
He held the doubly royal dower
Of honor in the hearts of men.

His Towsled, snowy hair; the brows
That hung o'er deep, but kindly
eyes.

The white-lad form of easy air—
Familiar everywhere—his guise.

And, loved by all who knew his life,
His honest, his sense of right,
'Twas fitting that his whim should be
To garb himself in spotless white.

For proudly may his nation say,
Not chiefly that his wit was great,
Or that his work was pure and true,
Or that he loved and served the
State;
But that, above the splendid gifts
That won him universal fame,
He cherished kindly honesty,
And prized a good and stainless
name.

—J. W. Bengough, in Toronto
Globe.

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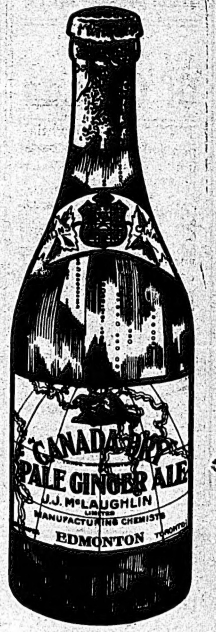
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